A CHARACTER.

O Vita fallax, abditos Senſus geris,
Animiſq; pulchram turbidis Faciem induis,
Pudor Impudentem celat, Audacem Quies,
Piëtas Nefandum, vera Fallaces probant,
Simulantque Molles dura.

Seneca in Hippol.

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A

CHARACTER.

SATYR, Audacious G——N's Wiles
reherſe,
And trace his Impudence in ſtabbing Verſe;
Nor in thy Lines let half-ſtrain'd C—*le* appear,
His *Obſervations* are his Character.
From P—*ce*, and all the reſt unworthy, fly,
And paint the Man whoſe Life is all a Lye:
G——N, who for a Livelihood perplext,
Set up a *Mercer* firſt, a *Preacher* next.
His former Trade encreas'd but very ſlow,
Mean were his Cuſtomers, and Prices low,
The *Friends* too plain, where his chief Bus'neſs
lay,
And Pride ſate dormant, that before did ſway;

Their Preachers Toil had ſtop'd Preſumption's Courſe,
And rais'd Humility with utmoſt Force.
—Says he, (nor longer cou'd his Paſſion hide)
They ſpoil my Buſ'neſs by degrading Pride.
Shall I be mute, and break, and ſtarve, and die,
Undone and ruin'd by Humility?
No; my ſoft Tongue ſhall charm the liſtning Ear;
I'll Preach the Doctrine they delight to hear,
I'll Praiſe their Vanities and gay Attire,
And lead them in the Path they all deſire.

This ſaid, no longer unreſolv'd he ſtands,
But ſoon the Paſtors Gallery aſcends;
Where, in Pedantic Phraſe and varying Note,
He raves impiouſly and ſtrains his Throat.
This Sentence takes from him a whining Tone,
And in the next he's as preſumptuous grown;
One like a *Quaker*, t'other like a *Rake*;
Of both compos'd, they ill-match'd Accents make.

His Looks are am'rous, now and then ſevere;
Sometimes demure, poſſeſt with Awe and Fear;
Sometimes he's ſour, and other times he's free:
Than changing Vanes, his Geſtures diſagree.
Each circling Day he's diff'rent to our View,
His various Carriage is intirely New.
Strange! That his Viſage differs more than Words,
Whoſe Speech but one affected Style affords.
Oh! were my Mem'ry good, I'd then reherſe
His Cant, and ſtuff his Non-ſence in my Verſe:
So might his Lovers read his Sermons o'er,
And blame the Doctrine they admir'd before.
What *Chriſt* gainſays, if Man had Power to do
G——*N* wou'd worſhip *God* and *Mammon* too,
Himſelf divided, each ſhou'd have a Part,
God in his Tongue, and *Satan* in his Heart.
Well read in State Affairs, all Talk and Noiſe,
Till he himſelf's confounded with his Voice;
Whilſt thoſe who hear admire his Impudence,
And hold his prating comes from want of Sence.

His hollow Words beneath the Roofs rebound,
Like empty Casks that give the greateſt Sound,
Whilſt void of Works, he prates his Life away,
And tells of Chriſt he never means t' obey.
Oily his Strains, ſmooth Nonſence is his Talk,
His Heart as crooked as an Ivy Stalk.
His Tongue, unruly, runs in wild Career;
To his own Words he lends attentive Ear:
Pleas'd with the Sound, he feeds on empty Air,
And ſmiles to think how he deceives 'em there.

Like *L*——, he can a Diff'rence ſpy
Betwixt Equivocation and a Lye:
Nay, he exceeds the Shifting *Jeſuits* Art,
Who ſwear at once the Tongue and not the Heart:
But *G*——*N*'s Lips his erring Words deny,
And ſhape Ten Thouſand more to make the greater Lye.
If any point his Fault, and ſhew he's wrong,
They find baſe Envy's Force, his Slandrous Tongue:

The Pious to pollute he ſpends his Breath,
And *Truth* and *Virtue* perſecutes to Death:
Whilſt he by Malice, wounding others, bleeds,
Revenging on himſelf his own Miſdeeds.
Can Lightneſs e'er from Sacred Worſhip riſe?
Seek we in that to pleaſe the Ears and Eyes?
'Tis Inward ſure, as Noble as the Soul,
And ſtill, as Waters that in Silence roul:
One Spirit flows and ſcatters Life around;
In that their Peace and only Joy is found:
Souls touch with Souls, and there th' Aſſembly's One,
No Member ſpeaks, except this Pow'r is known,
By this they Preach, and this inſpires alone;
Each Word proceeds ſedate as Thoughts of Death,
As if our Lives went out at ev'ry Breath.

The Legal Shadows now are fled away,
No pointing Types before the Subſtance ſtay:
The Times are chang'd, Fulfil'd the Propheſies,
Meſſiah's come and made a Sacrifice,

He's

He's crucify'd, and gone to Heav'n again,
And here his Spirit with his Saints remain;
He does himſelf his Sacred Laws impart,
Stone Tables yield to Tables of the Heart:
Chriſt is the Prieſt, and builds an Altar there,
He makes it Holy for the *Houſe of Pray'r*.
Who dares aſſume his Place, or Prieſts ordain?
Or call themſelves of *Levi*'s Sacred Train?
Now *Preachers* by the Holy Ghoſt are made,
Regen'rate Souls who have God's Will obey'd:
No more their own, he dictates what to ſay,
Preach when he preaches, when he ſtops they ſtay.
They fix not when they pleaſe the Time and Place,
Nor dare ſet Limits to a heav'nly Grace.
Preſumptuous he, who treads this Sacred Road,
Without the Influence of th' Inſpiring God.
Such G——*N* is, and loudly he declares,
He in his Breaſt no Inſpiration bears;

Away,

Away, says he, Away such Notions here;
In Charity I speak, in Love appear.
His Censure from a *Heathens* Words proceed;
" * How pious and how impious in one Deed!
" God is in us, Heav'n our Acquaintance owns,
" His Spirit comes from blest ætherial Thrones.
" His Work in us creates *Cælestial Fire*,
" Can warm our Passions and our Souls inspire.
" This Sacred Impulse bears the heav'nly Seed,
" And hence his Will and holy Laws proceed.

The *Gentile* thus condemns the *Hypocrite*,
Who durst, without one Ray of heav'nly Light,
Declare the Way where our Salvation leads,
And point the holy Path he never treads.
Vain are their Words, on sandy Bases laid,
Who only say, not practise what is said;

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* *Facto pius & sceleratus eodem.* Ovid. Met.
Est Deus in nobis, sunt in Commercia Cœli:
Sedibus Ætheriis Spiritus ILLE *venit.*
——— *Agitante calescimus illo,*
IMPETUS *hic sacræ Semina Mentis habet.*

Their

Their ev'ry Sentence does themſelves betray,
And *Conſcience* gives the Lye to what they ſay.
They ſmite, and wound themſelves with their
own Words,
Which pierce like Points of ſharp-retorted
Swords.
So, *G——N*, thou with thy own Words
ſhalt ſmart,
And be condemn'd by thy accuſing Heart:
The ſeeming Zeal that tips thy forward
Tongue,
Does to thy Lips, not to thy Soul, belong.
Prophane! To thee what Miſſion is there giv'n?
Are thy Words guided by the Chriſt of Heav'n?
This thou deny'ſt: how durſt thou take his
Place,
And ſpeak from carnal Senſe, not heav'nly
Grace?
Run, when thou ne'er wert ſent? Cry *Peace*
to thoſe
Who do the *Truth* reſiſt and *Light* oppoſe?

Decry

Decry *Perfection* with an impious Jeer,
Unworthy thou to ſpeak, or we to hear?
Make *Inſpiration Hypocondriac* Fumes?
And that from thence that holy Tenet comes?
That Phyſick's Help wou'd purge this fell
Diſeaſe,
Diſperſe thoſe Phantoms, and afford 'em eaſe?
Sooth all the Vanities our Minds produce,
And blame the modeſt Plainneſs that we uſe?
Call thoſe pure Ways each one from Truth
receives,
Religion's Figments, Circumſtantial
Leaves?
Aver, The Men, to whom theſe things agree,
Are like the ſelfiſh *Scribe* and *Phariſee?*
Sure thoſe who in their honeſt Minds are
plain,
Are ne'er in Geſture, or Apparel vain:
Though, *G——N*, thine are Traytors to thy
Heart,
And only can *Hypocriſy* impart;

Not

Not ſo the Godly, their external Shew
Points out the Virtue that their Souls endue;
Whilſt thou doſt only with the *Cypreſs* ſuit,
That bears fair Leaves, but never grac'd with Fruit.
Shall flattering Words deceive our Reaſon's Eye,
And baniſh Truth, that wou'd the Falſhood ſpy?
Oh! Let no more a ſugar'd Phraſe entice,
That can both gild Deceit, and cover Vice:
Vain are the Words that only ſooth the Senſe,
With all th' attracting Force of Eloquence:
They'll nought avail without God's holy Power;
And wanting this, may Preachers preach no more:
No more, till God's bleſt Seraph touch the Tongue,
His Life diffuſe, and guide the Words along:
Such more than Air, a living Soul contain,
Each humble Hearer finds 'em Life and Gain.

Oh!

Oh! may ſuch gracious Preaching never ceaſe,
Till all ſhall hear, and fear, and turn from
War to Peace.

Say now, ſhall G——*N* ſtill the Vulgar teach,
Rave on the Stage, or in a Meeting preach?
The firſt more proper; let him foot the Stage,
Sooth gaudy Vice, and Virtue feel his Rage.
He ſafely there may praiſe the Fops and Fools,
And ſpeak in meaſure to his Maſter's Rules:
In ſenſleſs Dialect grace the Helliſh Scene,
Whilſt Noiſe and Bombaſt tell you what they
mean.
He there may pleaſe th' Ambition of his Heart,
Or play the Knave, or act the Monarch's Part;
Change Sex, or vary Forms; be young or old;
Wild, or demure; of ſtrait or crooked Mold:
Or there, a Sinner. take a Saint's Diſguize,
And act in Jeſt what he in earneſt is.

The

The EPILOGUE,

To His Admirers.

THIS Piece is offer'd to You alone that are G——*N*'s Admirers, in hopes it may make a deeper Impreſſion upon your bigotted Minds than either his *bullying Speeches* and *ill-contriv'd blund'ring Arguments*, C--*le*'s *ſimple Inferences*, or P——*ce*'s *Nothing Expreſſions*. You have Read it now, and I may ask you *how you like it?* Is not the *Character* drawn true? Perhaps there may want *ſome Colours*, which I might have had from you, if I had conſulted you about it; but you may judge of the chief Parts of the Draught: if there is any thing amiſs there, you'll oblige me very much to Inform me of it, by direct-

ing

ing a Letter, *To be left at Paul's Coffee-House* near *Doctors-Commons*, for the *Author of a Character*, &c. And the next Picture ſhall be rectify'd.

If G——*N* himſelf is not pleas'd with it, I deſire him to conſider, that he never ſaw himſelf yet but by Glaſs-Reflection, which may be as falſe to him as he is to himſelf, and till then I ſhall not value his Opinion; whilſt others ſee him now as he *IS*, both *Inſide* and *Outſide*; the laſt wou'd have ſatisfy'd me well enough, but he beats the Knowledge of t'other in at both Ears. But if you, his *Admirers*, complain of the whole *Delineation*, for the Good of your blinded Judgments, I will paint it over again from the *Life* before your Faces, at any Place you or he ſhall appoint, either *ſitting* or *ſtanding*, in all or any of his *mental Poſtures*, as, *Wheedling*, *Inſinuating*, *Digreſſion* from *Argument*, *Way* of *Trading*, *Bullying*, *Raving*, *Whining*, *Me-*

Melancholly Fits and *Delirium*: Or in his *corporeal Shapes*, as, *Strutting*, *ſtiff Erection of Body*, *Arms a-kimbo*, the various *Bendings*, *Turnings*, *Twiſtings of his Arms*, *Fingers* and whole *Body*, the *writhing of his Face* to the proper *Decorum* of *Whine* and *Impudence*, and the *Thouſand Oggles* and *different Glances of his Eyes*.

I ſhall conclude, reſolv'd not to acquaint you who I am now, becauſe I hate to be *ſnarl'd at* by you, or *bully'd* and *knock'd down with Impudence* by him, all which I'm mightily afraid of; yet if you are aſſur'd the *Character* is not juſt, I'll venture all this to convince you better, and only ſubſcribe my ſelf at this time,

Your Friend,

The AUTHOR.